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VISIT TO THE TIMES PRINTING-OFFICE.

THE Times is a power in Europe—deservedly or not, let me not stop at present to inquire. Curious to see the seat of so extraordinary a government, I lately took an opportunity, while on a visit to London, of putting myself into the hands of a friend who was able, by private connexion, to procure for me that gratification. In his company, and with one or two other friends in attendance, I made this pilgrimage at three o'clock on the afternoon of Monday—a point in the daily circle of time when the office is comparatively in a state of rest, and at which, accordingly, on three days of the week, parties with proper recommendations are admitted.

Diving and doubling along a set of narrow alleys in the district between Ludgate hill and the river, we in time found ourselves in a small court, dignified with the name of Printing-house Square, two sides of which are occupied, we were told, by the offices of the Times newspaper. The first emotion—like that of most foreigners on seeing St James's palace—is wonder that so great a power should be lodged so meanly: the next is an increase of respect for a power which can thus afford to be independent of mere externals. And this is a principle much exemplified in London, particularly in mercantile life. Look at the rich old wholesale firms which burrow in dim back-rooms in the city; and then regard the retail mercers, hardly able to make the two ends meet, who luxuriate in shops of more than oriental magnificence at the west end.

The apartments employed in the business of printing are chiefly contained in one building of two storeys, forming one side of the square. They are four in all—two upon each floor—access being afforded by a lobby and staircase in the middle. The other accommodations consist of a few comparatively small rooms laterally connected with these. First entering by a door apart from the lobby just mentioned, we find ourselves in an ordinary accompting-room, furnished with a counter and desks, and attended by a suite of clerks, whose main duty it is, I believe, to take in and receive payment for advertisements. A few persons, in apparently humble circumstances, were here engaged in looking over files of the paper, probably in quest of past announcements containing "something to their advantage," or examining whether their own advertisements were inserted. But the time for the throng and bustle of this part of the establishment had not, I believe, arrived. A head-clerk here took our party politely in charge, and conducted us first to a narrow apartment below the level of the ground, where the paper goes through the process preliminary to printing, of being damped, which is effected by dipping every third quire or so in a trough of the pure element, and then subjecting the whole to a press, so as to diffuse the humefaction equally throughout. Here we saw a couple of colossal piles of paper, which had undergone the damping process, being the quantity required for the impression of next morning. How strange to reflect on the dispersion which the two days would give to this mass, and the infinite variety of intellectual operations to which it would give rise! We were next led into the machine-room, where the printing takes place; but I postpone a description of it till after some of the other apartments have been described, in order that those unacquainted with printing may better understand the series of processes involved in the production of a newspaper.

I proceed, then, up stairs to the composing-rooms, which are two in number, one being devoted to the setting up of advertisements alone, and the other to

the miscellaneous matter of the paper. Considering the size of these rooms, and the limited number of windows, it is surprising how many men are employed in them. The room for miscellaneous matter accommodates twenty-two, and the advertisement-room no fewer than forty; the total number of compositors being thus sixty-two. This concentration of men is only effected by putting three to each line of cases, or six at a window; a number so great, that, unless an effectual system of ventilation be adopted, the place must be extremely unhealthy. Such cramming, it may be remarked, is scarcely known out of London, where the high value of ground-room renders the temptation to it very great. It must in this office be felt the more, as far as day-work is concerned, as the type employed for advertisements is the small sort called nonpareil. The advertisements daily published in the Times have, since the reduction of the duty in 1833, experienced a vast increase, inasmuch that for the last five years the paper has appeared on a sheet double the former dimensions—consisting of four instead of two leaves, and even in this expanded form, supplements containing two leaves more are occasionally found necessary, the whole presenting such a vast and dense mass of reading, that one might almost suppose the object of advertising in such a medium would be lost. Generally, there are from eight hundred to a thousand advertisements in the Times. On the day of our visit, a supplement had been published; and yet we were shown four or five columns of advertisements which, after all, had been left over. Owing to this constant pressure upon the capacity of the paper for advertisements, the superintendent of this department has to exercise a discretionary power in inserting or withholding these announcements. When the object seems instant, as the recovery of things lost, the immediate sailing of a vessel, &c., the advertisement has a good chance of getting in immediately; but matters which seem as if they would keep, are kept accordingly for three or four days. A gentleman tells me he has had to wait three weeks before an advertisement of his for lodgings obtained insertion, though this I should suppose an extreme case. Owing to the great value of space in this paper, no advertisements are ever given in large or spaced type. The charges are thus fixed upon a simple principle, five shillings being demanded from the ordinary public for the smallest, or those under four lines, and sixpence for every line above that number till twenty is reached, after which the rate of advance is smaller. This is the rule in theory, but its practice is only followed out in what may be called ordinary advertisements. For letters from individuals who are so anxious to appear in print, that they do not mind paying for the insertion of their lucubrations with the word "advertisement" attached, the announcements of public companies, electioneering notifications, there is no rule: out of the pockets of such parties the Times indemnifies itself for its deductions from servants and the poorer class of advertisers, the charges to whom are on a considerably lower scale. Here it must be borne in mind, that 1s. 6d. is paid as duty for each advertisement; so that, from the great host of announcements headed "Wanted," three-and-sixpence being charged, the Times realises only two shillings. Advertisements are acknowledged to be the chief source of profit in the business of this, as of most other papers.

We next proceeded to the *Locking-up-room*, which is situated on the lower floor, and in which the most prominent objects are a set of stone tables employed in arranging the pages of type after they have been composed. For unskilled readers, it may be necessary

to state, that when advertisements and articles of intelligence have been set up in type, the matter which they form is carried in long columns on certain trays (technically called *galleys*) to the room now under our notice, where, after a first correction, it is amassed in pages, and these pages, when finally deemed correct in all respects, are wedged up tightly in iron frames, called *chases*, so as to be ready to go under the press. In such an office as that of the Times, where there is much work to do quickly, the locking-up-room is one of considerable consequence. Fifteen men are employed in it.

Appropriately, the *Press-room* is adjacent to this one, on the same floor, so that the *forms* (as the pages of type are called) have to travel little way in order to do their duty. In this press-room there are three printing machines, of a particularly complicated kind, invented expressly for the printing of such large newspaper sheets as the Times. One alone is necessary for the ordinary work of the paper; another is required in the case of a supplement; the third is only there lest any accident should befall the other machines in the course of working. The room in which we now stood will ever be a memorable place in the history of the noblest of arts—typography. For here, in 1814, was set up the first printing-machine employed in England. The common printing-press is limited in its powers, both as to the size of form which it can impress, and the rate of speed at which it can work. Of one moderate-sized page, only eight hundred could be produced in an hour, two men and a boy being employed. Thus, it required four presses and twelve persons to produce eight hundred full sheets, of a moderate-sized paper of two leaves, in an hour. Where a small impression was required, this system did very well; but when it amounted to several thousands, a great difficulty was experienced. Supposing one set of forms to be used, it is evident that, before the impression could be completed, the news would be stale, and, in fact, superseded. The only means of obviating this difficulty was to go to the great expense of having two or more sets of forms set up, to be printed at different presses. The first machine erected in the Times office was of the double-cylinder kind, now so common throughout newspaper offices all over the country; but, if we are not mistaken, it was driven by men's hands. It could print the whole four-paged sheet at once, at the rate of eight hundred in an hour, thus quadrupling the rate of speed of the common printing-press. By and by, the advertisements and other matter of the paper increased so much in amount, that the sheet of four pages became insufficient, and it was found necessary every now and then to issue a supplementary sheet, for which, in the then state of the law, a duty of twopence on every copy was paid, although nothing was or could be charged for it to the public. To save themselves from this large expense, the proprietors endeavoured to devise means for printing a *double sheet* at once, and this was accomplished by the invention of that form of the printing-machine which now exists in the Times, and a few other offices. The first double sheet thus printed appeared on the 19th of January 1829, "four feet in length, three in breadth, containing forty-eight columns of matter, of which rather more than thirty were filled with advertisements." It was calculated that, in comparison to one of the earliest newspapers produced in this country, the matter of this sheet was as a hundred to one! It is difficult to give even the faintest idea of such a piece of mechanism as the Times printing-machine, without the aid of the draughtsman. Suffice it to say, that it is a metal frame about fourteen feet in length by ten

in height, containing four forms of type of two pages each, and four printing cylinders, together with inking apparatus for each; and that four boys stand at different places feeding it with paper, while other four boys are seated under them, to receive the sheets as they are issued forth printed; the whole being driven by a steam-power established in an adjacent chamber. Each sheet, it will be observed, is put into the machine twice before it is completely printed; yet so unintermitting is the business of impression—so constantly is one or other of the forms under pressure—that four thousand sheets can be completely printed in an hour, or even, upon an exigency, four thousand five hundred. Thus the whole impression of eighteen thousand—for such is now the ordinary circulation of this paper—can be thrown off between six in the morning and eleven in the forenoon. To execute so much work would take a printing-press nine days, working ten hours a day; or, to do it in the same time by that ordinary mode of printing, twenty presses and five sets of forms would be required. The benefits of steam-printing are here, then, abundantly conspicuous; for to produce five sets of the types, five times the number of compositors, and also five times the number of officials in the locking-up-room, besides additional readers, or correctors of the press, would be called for, namely, about four hundred in all, while forty men and twenty boys would be required at the presses, instead of the eight boys and a superintendent who are now alone necessary. With such an establishment to keep up, it could not of course be expected that this enormous sheet would be given to the public without either an increase of its price or a higher rate of charge for advertisements; so that the public clearly benefits by the printing mechanism, as well as the proprietors.* It may further be observed, that to any particular benefit derived from steam-printing, the proprietors of the Times have a powerful claim, if it be true, which has been stated, that they spent sixty thousand pounds in bringing steam-printing to perfection. Their exertions and expenses for this object must be allowed to form a great debt against the public, when we consider the immense advantages which it has derived, and is daily deriving, from that mode of printing.

We had now finished our inspection of those parts of the office in which the mechanical is concerned; but, before parting with these, a curious circumstance may be adverted to. In regard to compositors, this magnificent establishment is what is called, in the London typographical world, a *Rat-house*; that is to say, a house into which men are received who have broken the rules of the combination or union formed amongst the London working printers. To this combination the proprietors of the Times have always been deadly foes, steadily refusing to be forced into the prices and mode of payment for composing which are prescribed by the union; for this reason, all the operatives in the Times office are held by the rest as outcasts or Pariahs; and if any of them should lose his situation, he would be admitted into no other office; he must in that case emigrate or starve.

At the earnest solicitation of some of our party, we were conducted to the part of the establishment where the intellectual operations go on—and here we experienced the same irrational though natural disappointment which the whole establishment is at first calculated to convey. Adjoining to that room on the upper floor where the news matter is set up, is a plain chamber, furnished with a couple of long deal tables, with a range of small black desks along them; while the walls sustain some shelves loaded with files of the paper, parliamentary reports, and other volumes of a bulky description. This is the *Reporters' Room*. Adjoining, and accessible by passing through it, is another room, of the character of a plain library room or study, with one square table-deck in the centre, the surrounding shelves being filled with Annual Registers and other works chiefly of a historical kind. This is the *Editor's Room*—the

Olympus of that capricious thunderer more powerful than

Those ancient, whose restless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the Arsenal, and furlined over Greece
To Macedonia and Artaxerxes' throne.

There are no other accommodations here for intellectual labourers; but the fact we understand to be, that much of the original matter of the Times is produced elsewhere. One important department, the City Article, is prepared in a separate office (in Birch Lane) by a distinct corps of writers, three in number, with occasional assistants—at the head of whom stands one described a few years ago as having a more thorough knowledge of the commercial and monetary affairs of England than any other known man living. Another important department consists in the correspondence of literary agents or reporters, who reside in various parts of important transactions throughout the world, for the purpose of communicating early intelligence of what is passing under their observation. At Paris there is an establishment for the Times reporters, each morning paper possessing a similar one, which, besides supplying articles of news regarding the French capital, forms a sort of agency for the management of expresses overland from India, and various other parts of the world; as if to confirm the French boast, that "all roads lead to Paris." Every extraordinary express from Paris costs £1.35. The ordinary daily express arriving about twelve or one every night, costs about six guineas, or £7 only; in which, as all the morning papers join, Morning Chronicle, Herald, Post, and Advertiser, the real share of the Times is one-fifth. The ordinary express is brought to Calais from Paris by the French estafette mail, put on board the mail-steamer, and, on landing at Dover, is despatched to London by horse express, which conveys the parcel of each paper. An extraordinary express, that is, "a courier throughout," is only sent when some extraordinary news—such as the India overland mail—reaches Paris any time in the middle of the night, or before twelve in the day. The French estafette mail starts at six, but no letters are admissible after five. Sometimes, when the particular news in Paris is of a public nature—that published, for example, in the papers, or otherwise accessible to the conductor of the establishment of each morning paper—they agree to run the extraordinary express together, and share the expense. But if any one has, or believes he has, the news exclusive, he despatches an extraordinary courier on the sole account of his own paper.

In London, also, there is a set of gentlemen regularly engaged by the Times as contributors of original or leading articles, and these perform their duty at their own homes. Thus, the duties of the editor and a portion of those of the reporters are all that remain to be executed—to use a familiar phrase—upon the premises. In the time of parliament, about twenty reporters are engaged upon the Times newspaper, most of whom are employed on parliamentary business alone, while the rest furnish reports of trials in courts of law, examinations and convictions before police magistrates, and the proceedings of public meetings of importance in London and the provinces. The laborious services of a reporter are rewarded by a salary of five guineas a week. The system of parliamentary reporting for the Times has never yet been quite correctly described. The business of each house commences about four o'clock, and a reporter, who is said to take the "first turn," attends and makes notes till five. A successor then relieves him, and he goes to the office to write out his notes for the compositors. Except the first, all the other "turns" last about three quarters of an hour, and sometimes less, because the business of both houses is commenced with mere routine affairs—the presentation of petitions, &c.—and there is little for the short-hand writer to do. But with the commencement of a debate, his work begins in earnest. If a fluent speaker be on his legs, each faculty is absorbingly occupied, catching and recording every word which falls from the orator's lips, until he is relieved by a colleague, who, for the next three quarters of an hour, is similarly employed. The short-hand notes each man thus collects, take, at the least, three hours to transcribe into intelligible manuscript; so that it is seldom any reporter but he who has had the easy first turn, has occasion to revisit "the house;" for, by the time he has written out his notes, the house of lords is "up" (which happens generally between seven and eight o'clock in the evening), and the reporters in waiting to report the speeches of the peers, transfer their services to the relief of their brethren in the Commons. Unless, therefore, the debate be protracted to an early hour the next morning, they who have taken the second or third turns are not again wanted. By these relays,

an unbroken chain of reporting is kept up, and the whole series of debates which began at four and five in the afternoon, and continued till three or four in the morning, is issued to the public within a very few hours of the termination of the debate. High qualifications are required in a good reporter. Besides being a skilful short-hand writer, he must be a man of quick observation and fair literary acquirement. In following the better—more fluent order of speakers—he must keep his ears open to catch the faintest syllable, so that every word may appear in print the next morning with unerring accuracy. In this case his duty is mechanical; he has only to put down what is said exactly as it is said. But with bad speakers, and they are unfortunately in a large majority in both houses, the case is different. In following him the reporter can make but little use of short hand; his quick eye and intelligent brain must find out what the hesitating speaker means, not so much by the words he utters, as by his manner and what he has uttered before. Were the *verbatim et literatim* principle applied to the bad parliamentary speaker, his speeches would be perfectly unintelligible, although the subject-matter as it really is printed (dressed up by the reporter) may be good and really important. Of course, it occasionally happens that the orations are reported in the newspaper in a briefer form than the speaker thinks they deserve; and persons liable to have their discourses so treated have often complained of the present unauthorised plan of reporting. But, practically, this plan is, beyond doubt, the best that could be adopted. It seems very certain that by no plan under the control of parliament itself could the speeches be given in a way which the public would approve of, for then there could be no excuse for not printing the merest twaddle at the same length as the most valuable matter. With respect to expedition, too, private enterprise has done that which no public system could be expected to do. It watches debates to any hour in the morning; and to whatever length they may have extended, makes sure to lay them upon the breakfast-tables of all London and the nearest parts of the provinces. It has often happened, I believe, that the beginning of a speech was twenty miles on its way upon the north road in a printed newspaper before the speaker had concluded it in the house.

Less is known of the editorship of the Times than of the other departments; but it is understood that one of the main duties of the chief editor is to see that all the various articles, the production of different minds, are in harmony with each other, and with the political tone of the paper for the time. Mr Barnes, who exercised the duty for many years before his death, which lately happened, was a highly accomplished man, a member of the bar, and one who had taken considerable honours at one of the universities. It was understood that his salary was twelve hundred guineas. The working time of the editor is from five in the afternoon to an early hour in the morning; and without his signature upon the *blank* or first proof of the pages, the paper cannot go to press. There are also two sub-editors, respectively remunerated, whose duties are of an important kind.

We had now completed the survey which we were permitted to make of this remarkable place, and took our departure, if not with the consciousness of having seen anything very extraordinary in itself, yet with feelings not a little impressed by the associations which it is calculated to awaken. "The leading journal of Europe" is a proud boast, and it is one to which this paper has long asserted its claim, notwithstanding every thwarting circumstance. In the conduct of the English press generally, there are, no doubt, failings of considerable magnitude; but it is, after all, a noble thing, and, like every other social feature of our state, it is in the course of constant improvement. Beside any traits of a sordid spirit which it may manifest, place such a trait of magnanimity about money matters as the Times lately displayed, when it gave—to found a couple of scholarships—about four thousand pounds which had been subscribed to reimburse it for law expenses incurred in consequence of exposing a band of swindlers. Beside its helotisms place its heroisms, as exemplified by its foreign reporters hanging on the skirts of guerilla armies, or mingling in the melee of insurgent cities, exposing themselves to the extreme of danger, for the purpose merely of supplying early intelligence to the "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease." The disposition to censure the press must then be mingled at least with some share of admiration. Perhaps the greatest fault of the men connected with newspapers is their taking too low a view of their function and its powers. Writing always for the day, they limit themselves to the transient ideas and maxims of the day, in which the taking of a side seems very much a matter of indifference, and really is so. Were they, within pru-

* In 1830, the "Penny Cyclopædia" described the Times as a double paper of eight pages of six columns each. "The printed area of the whole paper (both sides) is," says this authority, "more than 194 square feet, or a space of nearly five feet by four. On a rough estimate, it contains 113,000 words, which is equal to about seventy pages of the 'Penny Cyclopædia.' Compared with an 8vo. volume, having a page of print of 34 by 6½ inches, the area of the Times is equal to more than 120 of the 8vo. pages; and allowing for the difference of size in the type, to perhaps 300 of the printed 8vo. pages." A single copy of the Times is therefore equal to half an ordinary sized 8vo. volume.

dent bounds, to set themselves up as the teachers of truths of wider basis and more general application, they would better consult their own dignity, and the success, I firmly believe, would be infinitely greater; for, after all, there is an instinctive perception of truth which is all but universal, and Conscientiousness and Benevolence are Power, as much as is Knowledge or Talent.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

WILKIE was born on the 18th November 1785, in the small rural parish of Cults, Fifeshire, of which his father was minister,* passing rich with about twenty pounds of annual stipend. The education of the young painter commenced when he was about seven years of age, at the school of his native parish in the village of Pittlesie. In 1797, he was removed to that of the adjoining parish of Kettle, kept by Dr Strachan, now bishop of Toronto. Subsequently he enjoyed about a twelvemonth's tuition at the academy of Cupar, the chief town of the district.

It appears to be the business of every writer of "Lives" to seek out some early indications of the after-genius of his subject, and in this case the biographer has not sought in vain. Dr Strachan has been heard to testify that Wilkie could, at the age of twelve, draw better than he could write; loved to trace figures on the slates, benches, and walls; and "when his head was down, as all imagined, at his lesson, instead of mastering his task, he was filling the margin of his book with heads in all postures, and of all expressions; though the whimsical prevailed." Indeed Wilkie himself has declared, that "he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell." So decided an inclination for the arts was not discouraged, and he was sent, when fourteen years old, to the Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh, to receive instruction in drawing. Here he studied hard, not always from the models and casts provided by the institution, but at fairs and markets, catching up those traits of character and expression which he afterwards so successfully transferred to the canvases. In his eighteenth year he returned to Cults, to become a provincial portrait-painter; but, far from pursuing it in the usual mode, his turn for humour caused him to make drawings from heads when their owners least expected it: the countenances of sleepers in church, herd-boys—in short, of whoever exhibited any grotesque peculiarity of expression, were certain to be added to Wilkie's collection. This sort of practice gave him such confidence, that he painted a picture called "Pittlesie Fair," the principal figures in which he copied from life; some of his friends, neighbours, and even of his own family, actually sitting to him for the purpose. He also began the "Village Recruit." These early efforts of his pencil produced him so much local fame, that, by the advice and assistance of his friends, he ventured to London, though only nineteen years of age. After waiting for two months, he was admitted, in July 1805, a probationer in the Royal Academy, and soon became one of its most diligent pupils. His means were slender, and in spite of his frugal habits, he entertained little hopes of keeping a footing long in the great metropolis; for though one of the hardest students in the academy, he had no means of earning money. But his prospects soon brightened: he fortunately obtained a commission for a picture. It was painted, admitted to the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1806, and though it produced only thirty guineas in cash, may be said to have made the painter's fortune. The "Village Politician" (the picture alluded to) at once established Wilkie's fame, even before the public were admitted to the rooms to see it. "At the dinner with which the royal academicians open their exhibition—a dinner given to the prime of the land for rank and talent—the generous Mr Angerstein was so moved by the excellence of Wilkie's picture, that, declaring it had all the spirit of Teniers and the humour of Hogarth, he pointed it out to the company as the star of the collection." The Royal Academy, as a body, also acknowledged the excellence of the "Village Politician." Fuseli, the professor of painting, told Wilkie it was a "dangerous work," adding—"That picture will either prove the most happy or the most unfortunate work of your life." It proved the "most happy" for the young Scotsman—unlike the thousands who have been ruined by premature fame—studied the more intensely, and worked the harder. This is sufficiently proved by the patient attention to details which is observable in Wilkie's earlier pictures, and in which few painters ever exceeded him. He invariably drew from nature; and when he could not obtain a model otherwise, sat to himself! Haydon, the historical painter, relates that, in going to breakfast with him one morning, he found his friend "sitting partly naked, and drawing from his left

knee, for a figure which he had on his easel. He was not at all moved; for nought moved Wilkie; and when I expressed some surprise at what he was about, he replied with a smile, 'It's capital practice, let me tell you.' Another such anecdote is related by Mr Andrew Wilson. "I remember the quiet glee with which Wilkie told us, that one day Bannister the actor called, and was shown in while he was sitting on a low seat, dressed as a woman, with a looking-glass before him, performing the part of model for himself. Wilkie was not the man to be in the least discomposed at being found in such a plight. Bannister gazed on him for a moment or so, and then said, 'I need not introduce myself.' 'Truly no,' said Wilkie; 'I know you very well; but you see I can't move lest I spoil the folds of my petticoat. I am for the present an old woman, very much at your service.'"

The path to fame was now fairly smoothed for Wilkie: he was so fortunate as to obtain the friendship and advice of Sir George Beaumont, one of the most enlightened amateurs of his day. He began his "Alfred" as one of a series of pictures to illustrate English history, in course of collection by Mr Alexander Davidson; but devoted some time to his "Sunday Morning" and "Rent Day." Amidst all this industry, he found time to pay a visit to the Cults "Manse" in the spring of 1807. Though his stay was short, he returned to his easel with renewed vigour, and, by his own account, increased ambition. In the following year, Wilkie commenced keeping a journal, and noted down the events of his life with the same laborious minuteness as is observable in the detail of his paintings. From these we learn, that in 1808 he was busy upon "The Sick Lady," "The Cut Finger," and other productions; that he made a tour in Devonshire, and a painting visit to Colerton, the seat of Sir G. Beaumont, where he took some interesting sketches from nature. In the year 1809, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and began his "Village Festival," which now, even beside the most celebrated works of ancient and modern masters, forms a main attraction in the National Gallery. We find many entries in the Journals, which attest Wilkie's close application to his art, such as, "painted seven hours," "painted an hour before breakfast," &c. On one occasion, he was asked by the wife of one of his oldest friends to take an airing in her carriage, and dine with her family afterwards; he accepted the invitation to dinner, but refused the drive. He owns he would have liked it; "but," he asked, "don't you think it would be more to my interest to add a few more touches to this picture while there is anything like light?" Such habits of severe application naturally told even upon a young and a northern constitution, and in 1810 Wilkie felt their bad effects; he became ill, and was obliged to refrain from painting. This, however, did not prevent a new honour falling to him; in 1811 he was elected a Royal Academician. His father, the good minister of Cults, lived to see him thus reach the pinnacle of his profession, and died in peace during the following year.

It must be mentioned to the honour of Wilkie, that some years after, he commissioned his friend Chantrey to chisel two beautiful medallions of his father and mother, which he caused to be placed, upon a tablet with suitable inscriptions, in the church of Cults.

Wilkie had now painted a sufficient number of pictures to set up an exhibition of his own, which he did in Pall Mall; but it turned out a profitless speculation. In 1813, he caused his mother and sister to remove from their rural home to his, which he had established in a good-sized house in Kensington, near the noble domain of Lord Holland. By this time, the Marquis of Stafford and the Prince Regent were amongst Wilkie's patrons; and commissions flowed in faster than he could execute them.

In the subsequent year, Wilkie and his friend Haydon made a visit to Paris, as much to acquire some notions of French art, as for improvement of health. Wilkie's letters and criticisms on what he saw, prove that he effected the former object fully and satisfactorily; but his health was little amended. On his return to London, he still seemed so indisposed, that his friends recommended another trip: he this time chose Holland. In his way he visited the field of Waterloo; his own remarks concerning which, in a letter to his friend Sir George Beaumont, introduce the origin of his celebrated picture, the "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo."

"The field of Waterloo was to me, as to every Englishman, a subject of the deepest interest. Whatever one's pursuits might be, it was impossible to visit such a place but with the keenest associations. I did not expect that, to a common observer, the genius displayed in the choice of the ground would be so apparent; but it gave me a most striking idea of the powers of our great general. I wonder no one has thought of making a model of the field; the ruin of Hougoumont would, by itself, make the finest subject for this that it is possible to conceive. As I know you will feel interested in any circumstance of a pleasing nature that occurs to me, I cannot refrain from mentioning that the Duke of Wellington has commissioned me to paint him a picture; and that when he was last in England, he called

upon me with some friends to give me the subject. He wants it to be a number of soldiers of various descriptions seated upon the benches of the door of a public house, with porter and tobacco, talking over their old stories."

Wilkie's next journey was to Scotland in 1817. After renewing his old associations in Edinburgh, he visited Glasgow, and, accompanied for a part of the way by Dr Chalmers and a Quakeress (in a return chaise), proceeded to the Isle of Bute, Inverary, and finally to Abbotsford, taking his native place in his way. Although his stay in Cupar was short, his presence amongst his old friends was commemorated by a public breakfast, which was attended by the principal gentry of the district. While staying at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott, he was introduced to the Ettrick Shepherd by Laidlaw the poet and manager of Sir Walter's estate. Here is an account of the meeting:—"The cottage (says Laidlaw) which Hogg at that time inhabited had been the but and ben of the former tenant, and he dwelt in the kitchen, for it was the preferable part; but the kitchen was large and roomy, and better lighted than such abodes used to be then, and was, moreover, wonderfully clean. The kettle was hanging over a cheerful peat-fire, and soon began to simmer; and James, then a bachelor, despatched a shepherdess to borrow some loaf-bread, to which she added some kneaded cake. I felt pleased at the comfort the poet, as he was commonly called, had around him; and having several times accompanied Wilkie among the cottages of Gattonside and Darnick in search of the picturesque, I began to point out what I thought might amuse him while Hogg busied himself preparing breakfast. The poet on this began to look and listen. I had not introduced Wilkie as an artist; and it is probable he had taken him, as he did a great poet, for a horse-couper. He, however, turned suddenly to me, exclaiming, 'Laidlaw! this is no' the great Mr Wilkie?' 'It's just the great Mr Wilkie, Hogg,' I replied. 'Mr Wilkie,' exclaimed the shepherd, seizing him by the hand, 'I cannot tell how proud I am to see you in my house, and how glad I am to see you are so young a man.' When this expression was repeated to Sir Walter, he exclaimed, 'The fellow! it was the finest compliment ever paid to man.'"

On returning to London, he found that the civic authorities of Cupar had forwarded him the freedom of the burgh; an honour which had been neglected, or which there was not sufficient time to confer when Wilkie was on the spot. His health was slowly re-established, and he worked at various pictures with his usual industry and zeal up to the end of 1819. In this year, Wilkie received a commission from the king of Bavaria, and the subject chosen was, "The Reading of a Will." The picture was exhibited in 1820 at the Royal Academy, and from the too great admiration which it excited, cost the painter some embarrassment. His majesty, George IV., took so great a fancy to it, that he commissioned Sir Thomas Lawrence to ask Wilkie whether he might have the picture, and whether a duplicate of it could not be sent to the king of Bavaria? This, of course, was impossible, and the affair assumed a diplomatic aspect; the official pens of the ambassadors to both courts were set in motion; but happily for the peace of the nation, the matter finished amicably. George IV. put up with his disappointment, and the king of Bavaria handsomely sent Wilkie one hundred pounds more than the price originally agreed upon for the picture.

In 1822, Wilkie accompanied George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh. From this resulted a royal commission for a view of the king entering Holyrood—a picture of pomp and circumstance, which did not add much to the painter's fame. Next year his majesty's limner for Scotland, Sir Henry Raeburn, died, and Wilkie was appointed to the office. By 1827, Wilkie's health had suffered alarmingly from a nervous affection of the brain, partly brought on by close application to his easel, and partly by misfortunes of a serious character, thus summed up in a letter from Sir Robert Liston to a mutual friend:—"A young gentleman, betrothed to his sister, and on the point of marriage, died in his house; soon after, his mother, who resided in his house; also died; a brother died, nearly at the same time, in the East Indies; another brother came home to him from Canada, afflicted with a fatal distemper, and likewise died; a younger brother, established in commercial business in London, with the most flattering prospects, was affected by the crisis which took place two years ago, and became insolvent. He himself remains liable to the Board of Ordinance for the amount of a security-bond of one thousand pounds, in consequence of a deficiency in his brother's accounts in Canada, which occurred during his last illness; while he has lost, by the failure of Hurst and Robinson, the sum of seventeen hundred pounds, contracted to be paid to him for engravings of his pictures." To lessen the weight of these severe trials, Wilkie made another journey to the continent, visiting Rome and various other seats of Italian art, Germany, and Spain.

After long absence from England, Wilkie returned. He had not been idle abroad, for the exhibition of 1829 contained several pictures from his hand. These caused some surprise; for it was observed that the painter had completely changed not only the style of

* The painter was the third son. Two of his brothers, John and James, were officers in the British army; the other, Thomas—now, we believe, alive—is a merchant. His only sister Helen still survives.

[Allan Cunningham. Life of Sir David Wilkie, with his Journals, &c. 3 vols. London: John Murray.

† This gentleman, by bequeathing his collection of pictures to the nation, was the founder of the "National Gallery."

his subjects, but his manner of painting. His fame hitherto rested upon delineations of scenes in humble life, executed with untiring carefulness of detail, down to the most minute lineament: but the results of his residence in other lands were mostly sketches, rather than pictures, of the scenes and characters he had observed in his travels. It is intimated by Mr Cunningham, that these changes arose from a wish to reap larger pecuniary rewards than he had hitherto received. The length of time Wilkie devoted to each of his former pictures, may be estimated by the really Flemish patience with which he touched and retouched their least important parts. If such a desire really originated the change, it seems to have been satisfied. Three of the Spanish scenes he now exhibited, found a purchaser in George IV. for two thousand guineas.

On the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1830, Wilkie became a candidate for the office of president of the Royal Academy; but was disappointed. From this period, no event more important than visits to various parts of England and to Ireland took place in Wilkie's life, till the 15th June 1836, when the painter had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by William IV. On the accession of Queen Victoria, Wilkie was commanded to paint her majesty's first portrait. In 1839, he revisited the scenes of his nativity and early career.

In the autumn of 1840, Wilkie set out suddenly on a journey to the East. He went by way of the Hague, Cologne, Munich, and Vienna, to Constantinople. Here he had the honour of painting, from the life, two portraits of the Sultan of Turkey—one for his highness himself, and one for her majesty of England; the war in Syria having detained him at Pera (the Frank quarter of the Turkish capital) till the close of the year; but, in February 1841, the roads were clear, and Wilkie started for Jerusalem, taking Smyrna, Beyrout, and Jaffa, in his way. Having satisfied his curiosity by seeing all that is interesting in the Holy Land, he turned his face homeward, and reached Alexandria in May 1841. Here the painter was detained to make a portrait of the renowned pasha of Egypt, Mahommed Ali, which he accomplished in three long sittings.

During the latter part of Sir David's wanderings, his health—which even from the beginning of his prosperous career had never been continuously good—suffered occasionally; but nothing evinced itself to alarm his friend and travelling companion, Mr Woodburn. They took a passage at Alexandria in the Oriental steam-ship for England, and arrived at Malta, with nothing to foreshadow the closing scene, except occasional complaints from Sir David of internal ailments, that were temporarily removed by the surgeon of the ship. That officer (Mr William Getty) gives the following statement, which is the more graphic for its brevity:—

"Sir David Wilkie, aged fifty-six years, and apparently greatly impaired in constitution, came on board at Alexandria. On the voyage to Malta, he suffered occasionally from affections of the stomach, but took no medicine, and appeared and expressed himself as having improved in his general health on the voyage. Whilst at Malta, he indulged imprudently in drinking iced lemonade, and in eating fruit, and complained afterwards of uneasiness at stomach, with deranged bowels; by the aid of an emetic and aperient medicine, he gradually began to get rid of these ailments; was yesterday evening on deck, and appeared to have almost quite shaken off his illness. On going to his cabin this morning (1st June 1841) to pay him my usual visit, I found him incoherent in his manner of expressing himself; he became shortly afterwards nearly comatose; apprehended imperfectly what was said to him, and could not give distinct answers to questions put to him; the pulse was rapid, indistinct, and easily compressible; the breathing stertorous; the eyes suffused, and apparently insensible to strong light: a blister was applied to the nape of the neck; diffusible stimuli were administered, but without relief. In this state he continued, but gradually sinking, till about eleven o'clock, when he expired without a struggle."

The captain of the vessel immediately put back to ask permission to land the body, which was refused. We learn, therefore, from the log-book of the Oriental, that at half-past eight o'clock in the evening, in latitude 36.20, and longitude 6.42, the captain "stopped engines, and committed to the deep the body of Sir David Wilkie. Burial service performed by the Rev. James Vaughan, rector of Wroxall, near Bath."

Sir David Wilkie, an industrious and careful man, died rich, in spite of the pecuniary losses and burdens he had sustained. It appears, by a list appended to Mr Cunningham's work, that, from 1803 to 1841, he painted 153 pictures (a great many of them portraits), his gross receipts for which amounted to nearly £40,000. Several were sold after his demise, and produced upwards of £1800 more. Of his reputation it would be useless to speak, for that is too extensive to need anything but mere allusion. It is chiefly founded upon his truthful delineations of Scottish manners, especially those of humble life; though, apart from these subjects, his "Letter of Introduction," "Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo," and his "Sir David Baird discovering

the body of Tippoo Sah," are masterpieces of art sufficiently beautiful and meritorious to form the foundation of a great name. A statue in progress to the memory of Sir David Wilkie, from the chisel of Mr Jacobs, which is to be placed in the inner hall of the National Gallery.

SHETLAND SKETCHES.

WILLIAM AND JEAN MANSON.

THE following little story of a Shetland fisherman may illustrate some of the customs of this interesting but little known portion of the community, and the incidents to which they are liable.

William Manson was a very affectionate husband and father, though the time as yet was short during which he had sustained these endearing relations; for he had but one child, who was hardly of an age to lip his name. The summer of 18— was equally and unsettled; but at length, in the end of July, a fine track of weather put all the fishermen on the alert to seize the short favourable season that yet remained for their perilous vocation. The rendezvous of the fishing boats is often at some miles' distance from the men's homes. There they have temporary lodges erected for their accommodation; thence they leave the land to proceed to the fishing-ground, and thither their wives, or sisters, or daughters repair, to meet them each morning on their return from the sea, to learn their welfare and success, to carry them the little necessities they require, and to take back some of the fish for the family's use, the rest being delivered to the curer at the station. During the fishing season, therefore, it is only on Saturday afternoon and Sunday, or, as it is vernacularly called in the old Norse, the *Helly*, that the fishermen enjoy the comforts and endearments of his home. Among those who were never absent to greet the return of the fishing-boats, was Jean, the wife of William Manson. She was very young, and a most gentle and interesting woman, devotedly attached to the companion of her life, who had been her early and only love.

It was on a very calm and lovely afternoon of the July I have mentioned, that all the boats, including that of William, took their accustomed way to the deep sea, or haaf fishing. Jean stood on the beach with her eyes fixed on her husband's skiff, till it appeared but a speck on the ocean, and then with a deep sigh swiftly turned her steps homewards, where she had left her child asleep in the care of a neighbour.

It was three in the morning, when all who had husbands, sons, or brothers, in those ill-fated little barks, were awakened by a violent storm. The sea rose in a manner so tumultuous and unexpected, that many persons thought it must have been caused by a submarine earthquake. By nine o'clock, every point of the island was occupied by distracted females, looking for the barks which were never to return, and weeping in helpless hopeless misery. Why repeat the too well-known tale! forty boats with their hapless crews, being a third of the whole number, were swallowed up by the devouring waves. William's boat was among the lost. It boots not now to tell the misery, the desolation, of so many hitherto happy hearths, or the hopes lingering in the mourners' hearts, which imaged forth many a dream, that some of the sufferers might have been picked up at sea, and would yet return. It was months ere these hopes were finally extinguished, and the bereaved ones learned to feel, indeed, that they were such.

The melancholy winter passed slowly away, and the month of March now arrived, when we shall take a peep at Jean's little cottage. She was seated at a cheerful fire. An infant two months old was asleep in the cradle she rocked with her foot, her other child being in bed close by. Her sister, some years older than herself, and an active, judicious, and affectionate woman, had just hung on the small pot of potatoes for supper, and now seating herself with her knitting, looked long and anxiously in the fair but faded face of the young widow, who mechanically plied the accustomed knitting needles, while a smothered sigh and a bursting tear told the anguished thoughts that occupied her mind.

"Jean, my woman," began, in accents of the deepest compassion and sympathy, the affectionate sister; then, breathing a short prayer for fortitude to heaven, she proceeded in a more cheerful tone, as the poor widow raised her meek tearful eyes, and struggled for a smile of resignation; "Jean, you have borne your affliction like a Christian, while you have felt it like a wife; and, by the good help of God, you will not fail now to rouse yourself, and endeavour to do your duty to your helpless children; and think what a comfort they are and will be to you; but you know, dear Jean, that the labouring season is now come, and I ought to go to help our poor father and mother to get their year* finished." She here paused, hardly knowing how Jean would receive this proposition; but the youthful widow had a strength of mind and purpose hardly to be expected from the extreme gentleness of her character and demeanour. "You are right, Bessy," she immediately answered. "I have been expecting this these many days, but dreaded to mention it. I know you are right. You have been

my teacher and protector, Bessy, ever since I was an infant like that (pointing to the cradle), and in my distress you have been like a guardian angel; you have worked in my sickness and helplessness for my comforts, and for my children's, and it would be selfish and wrong in me to wish to keep you longer from your other duties." But here the full sense of her desolation rushing upon her, she gave way once more to a burst of uncontrollable anguish, and the sisters mingled their tears together. Jean, however, was the first again to speak. "Never mind this; you shall go, then, Bessy, to-morrow if you will; the master (landlord) has sent to tell me I may take this year's crop from the farm, and our neighbours have promised to help me to labour it; you will come and help me too, when you have done all that is needed at our father's; and as for me being alone—here she suppressed with strong effort her rising emotion—why, I have still the children, and God will be with me."

To be alone is, to a Shetland peasant in Jean's circumstances, above all things to be avoided. Superstition often bows down the spirit weakened by grief; and thus it came to pass, that Bessy's affectionate ministrations in her sister's cottage had never suffered that sister to be a night alone since her sad widowhood. Jean committed herself to rest that night, with fervent prayers to the Stay of the Widow and the Fatherless, that she might be blessed with fortitude to meet the affecting ordeal before her on the morrow. The sisters rose almost equally unrefreshed. Bessy busied herself during the forenoon in putting everything to rights about the little household; and having hung on the humble dinner, while the sun was yet but little past the meridian, she took leave of her cherished sister; we will not say they parted without tears, but each endeavoured to maintain composure for the other's sake. Sweet tie of sisterly love! how often has it soothed the saddest moments of our earthly lot! how has its sympathy enhanced our joys, and its self-denial ministered to our comforts! A fervent "God be with you" were Bessy's parting words, and Jean was alone, except for her infants; to them she turned, and braced her mind, and took comfort. In maternal cares, the afternoon passed; and as twilight drew on, more than one of Jean's neighbours stepped in to offer their assistance, or to be with her through the night; but she only asked one to milk the cow while she put her little ones to bed, and, firmly saying she did not mind being alone, she lighted her little lamp and sat down to her wheel. Can it be wondered at that a few sad and anxious thoughts at first oppressed the desolate widow! But her habitual devotional feeling soon subdued them; and having had the afternoon luxury of a little tea, she had not heart to make supper for only herself, and so occupied herself with her wheel, whose monotonous sound she almost fancied was cheerful companionship, until she thought the hour of rest was at hand, when she rose to look how high the moon was, before she should retire to her couch. She stood a few minutes at the door, her eyes fixed on the unclouded brilliancy of the lovely planet, when she heard voices approaching from the hill-side. Her cottage was separated from the road by a low grassy dike, and she presently saw several men pass close to the gate that led to the humble dwelling. Jean heaved a heartfelt sigh, for the thought instantly struck her, that these were seamen returning to glad some happy home. Two of the men passed on hastily, after a cheerful good-night; the third leaped the slight wicket, and walked swiftly towards the cottage. Jean stood in the doorway like one entranced, her breathing almost suspended, her heart beating tumultuously; one step she took forwards, so that the moon shone full on her lovely expressive face, and the young man who approached her became aware of her presence. "Jean," said he in a low thrilling voice of eager rapture. "My Willie!" exclaimed Jean, as she fell into her husband's arms. Sacred be the joy of such a moment! We shall not attempt to describe it; but who will not readily imagine that Jean was soon soothed into composure by her Willie's voice—that the father first received into his arms his yet unseen son and namesake—that he kissed his first-born without awaking him, reserving the joy of meeting his blue eyes, and trying his power of recognition, till the morning—that he poured into Jean's sympathising ear the tale of his perils and his wanderings—that she again would not pain him by telling what she had suffered, but only assured him this was the first night she had been left alone; and that, finally, the grateful pair bent in devout gratitude before the Giver of all good, blessing Him for their reunion. It will also be easily imagined how Jean appeared in the morning without the badge of widowhood—how her kind-hearted neighbours congratulated and rejoiced with her; and, above all, how Bessy and Jean wept in each other's arms the tears of overflowing joy, though they had repressed those of sorrow at their parting the day before.

Willie and some of his companions had been picked up at sea when nearly exhausted, by an outward-bound American vessel, and after much hardship and the loss of one of their number, they at length succeeded in working their way home. Letters containing the account of their safety reached their friends soon after their own arrival. The two that returned with Willie were not so fortunate as he. One found the mother of his children dead. She had been ill before he last saw her, and her anguish at his loss sunk her

* "Year" means either the act of preparing the ground and sowing the seed, or the spring season in which these operations are always accomplished.

into the grave. The other young man, by his sudden entrance, so alarmed his mother and her neighbours, as to be productive of serious injury to them. Jean's better-regulated mind insured for her a meeting of unalloyed happiness.

SUNEVA RENTON.

There died a few years ago in one of these lonely islands a singular character, who might have sat for the portrait of Norma, though the web of wildness and romance which the great magician interwove with the history of the latter is here wanting. Suneva Renton laid claim to the character of a wise woman, skilled in medicine and mystery, but especially to the gifts said to be conferred by the nearly obsolete race of *faery folk*. A midwife by profession, she possessed the reputation of undoubted, unflinching skill. Self-reliance and decision she had in abundance, and her experience was unquestionable; but these were her only guides. However, she thus acquired among her countrywomen, and countrymen too, if truth must be told, a very singular degree of influence, and was consulted till her death in all sorts of mysterious diseases, or what to the common people appeared such. But these applications to the *wise woman* were carefully concealed; and it was a laughable circumstance that, as her nearest neighbour was the minister, whom she considered her worst enemy, persons from distant islands who came to seek her assistance, on inquiring the way to her residence, asked, to deceive the informant, for the manse, which they as invariably passed to go to the next cottage. Mother Suneva's knowledge of herbs and simples was extensive, and her applications of them correct and judicious, which no doubt contributed much to her success and reputation; but her charms and incantations were at least as often in request, and as firmly believed in. She was, without doubt, a woman of great strength of mind as well as body, of much natural shrewdness, sagacity, and force of character; and she stated her pretensions with a confidence of asseveration, a superiority of language, and a loftiness of manner, which might have befitted her of the Fitful Head indeed, which easily made her way to the credulity of her equals, and left her superiors in rank or education to doubt whether she were not herself deceived.

With little of the milk of human kindness in her bosom, she ruled her family, and also her husband, with a rod of iron, and was by them both respected and feared, as well as obeyed. One of her daughters had chosen, out of several suitors, one not exactly approved of by her mother, and was early widowed by a lamentable accident. Her husband was crossing a ferry on a fine autumnal evening in a frail skiff, and was swept by the tide-way into the wide ocean. What, will it be believed, was the mother's consolation to the new-made widow in the first moments of uncontrollable anguish! "Thou knowest he that is gone" was not the man I designed for thee; but he that loved thee well, and that I intended for thee, is waiting thee yet." I think this too rare a touch of character to be withheld.

The following is our heroine's own account of her interviews with the *wise people*, and the gifts she received from them:—She was sitting alone on a calm though dull summer day, when a man, extremely good-looking, and about thirty years of age, came in, and said a woman required her services immediately. She got up and followed him as soon as she had thrown her shawl around her: she then asked who the person was to whom she was going, but he answered she would soon see that. In what appeared to her a very brief space of time, she came to a place she had never seen, and wondered how such a house had arisen without her knowledge, so near her own dwelling. When she entered the house, which was far superior to those she was accustomed to, she met a cousin of her own, whom she knew to be dead, and used the common exclamation, "Gude be near us, Andrew, is this you?" He, however, instantly enjoined her on no account to use the holy name there, and as she valued her life and salvation, not to eat or drink, since then they could have no power over her. She was very soon summoned to her patient, and having administered her advice and medicines, the man who came for her brought what appeared to be brandy and bread; but she steadily refused the offered refreshment, and proposed to depart, which she was permitted to do. Her cousin led her out, and at the door she found her own pony saddled for her use. The same person accompanied her to her own door, and it was night when she reached it, cold, hungry, and weary. Most of my readers will doubtless consider this adventure as merely the suggestion of a dream.

On another occasion, our favoured acquaintance was travelling alone to visit a friend, when a man like the former met her, and asked her advice respecting some complaint wherewith his wife was afflicted. She told him clearly and promptly what to do, and he requested her to meet him in the same place in eight days. Thither, accordingly, Mother Suneva repaired, and found the same person waiting her: he informed her his wife was so much the better of her advice, as to be nearly quite recovered. He said he could not reward her with money, since *his* would prove of no use to *her*; but he hung a hair-chain around her neck, and assured her that she was under the protection of those who could and would assist and befriend her in

every undertaking, and that no case of suffering or sickness which she conducted would ever fail of success. Accordingly, in touching for the scrofula, telling away sprains and bruises in man and beast, as well as in curing all diseases incident to both, she was without a rival, and is now without a substitute. We trust the time is past for other Normas to arise, even in these remote and neglected isles.

To the above imperfect sketch of this singular individual, it may be added, that she was a very fine-looking, even a beautiful woman; of majestic height and fine proportions, with large, piercing, and intelligent black eyes. Her last illness was that of old age; for though she had not reached the longest allotted span of life, her constitution, originally like iron, was much impaired by the fatigue and exposure incident to her mode of life. Her religious views were singularly correct and evangelical in theory; in practice she was too much of the Pharisee. Not a doctrine, or a duty, or a sentiment could be mentioned in her hearing, but she knew it—had practised or responded to it. She retained the full possession of all her faculties, and the last breath that trembled on her lips was an aspiration for mercy. May her prayer have been heard!

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

MEDICAL REFORM.

THIS is unfortunately a subject to which it is difficult to attract public attention. It appears a dry professional matter, and is overlooked accordingly. Yet the need of medical reform is very great, and it must concern all of us, that those to whom the care of our health is assigned should be well educated, instead of ignorant men. Sir James Clarke, who has given himself a right to raise his voice on the subject by his admired contributions to medical literature, particularly his invaluable work on Consumption, has published two letters to the present Home Secretary, eloquently advocating the adoption of means for raising the standard of medical accomplishment, and pointing out some steps which may be taken for that purpose. Looking to the existing arrangements in the medical world, he proposes that an improved education for its members should be in two degrees of amount, the first to qualify the General Practitioner, whom he would call a Bachelor of Medicine, the second to accomplish the Consulting Physician and Operating Surgeon, whom he would call Doctors of Medicine. Sir James proposes that the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons should be expanded to admit of all these as members, on proper qualifications being shown—boards to test qualifications being erected in each of the three kingdoms, and that of the London University serving for England. The obvious effects of such an arrangement in elevating the great mass of practitioners above the mean grade in which they at present remain, are pointed out. Our author says, very justly, "Had the scientific education of medical men been better attended to, the nation might have been spared the loss of much human life, and the fruitless expenditure of much treasure; and the public health might have attained a much higher standard than it has yet reached. It is from being uneducated in the common principles of philosophy, and consequently unacquainted with the laws by which the various physical agents amidst which we live are regulated, and the effects of these in promoting health and inducing disease, that medical men have failed in some of their highest duties—that they have been less efficient ministers of health, and less successful investigators of disease than they would otherwise have proved."

Sir James insists particularly on a sound and ample preliminary education, apart altogether from the professional training. He would have it to embrace a knowledge of the classical tongues, that the practitioner may understand professional books and terms; arithmetic and geometry, that he may readily make calculations and measurements; natural philosophy, without which he cannot understand some of the most important functions of the living body, and the operation of the various natural agents with which we are constantly surrounded, and which exert an unceasing influence in the preservation of health and the production of disease. He should also be instructed in chemistry, botany, and other branches of natural science, besides knowing "something of the philosophy of mind, to guide him in reasoning correctly, and exercising his judgment on the subjects and objects presented to his observation during the study and practice of his profession." * * Without such preliminary instruction, and the mental discipline which it implies, I do not hesitate to affirm, that the student can never thoroughly understand medicine as a science, or practise it as an art, with satisfaction either to himself or full benefit to the public.

There is, in our opinion, great truth in these remarks. It is a general fault in the education of all professional men, that they study too little over and above what is directly and immediately necessary for the particular walk of duty which they are to assume. Hence the narrow professional prejudices within which they are almost all confined: hence the rarity of great discoveries and new lights. It is exactly from beyond the limits of their strict profession that improvements are most likely to come; but how few can go there to seek for them! As one illustration

of the value of extra-professional knowledge to a physician, take the hydrostatic bed of Dr Arnott. Formerly, when a patient was confined, as often happens, to bed for weeks, with scarcely the power of making the least shift of position, the greatest pain was felt in those parts on which the body chiefly rested, and mortification often took place. Dr Arnott, being a natural philosopher as well as a physician, bethought him of the equal pressure of fluids, and formed a bed filled with water, calculating that upon it the whole body might rest equally instead of being perched, as it were, upon a few prominent points. It was tried first with an unfortunate lady, whose uneasiness from constant recumbency had reached to a degree pitiable in the extreme. Her emaciated figure was lifted by her medical attendant from what had been her bed of torture, and laid upon the water bed, when instantly she ceased to feel pain, and joyful sensations succeeded to misery; and such relief has since been experienced by thousands from the same cause. Here the necessity of, as it were, two knowledges is strikingly apparent. The knowledge of medicine alone could not have invented the hydrostatic bed, for the existence of such a principle in nature is not suggested by that science. Neither could the knowledge of natural philosophy alone have sufficed, for then the application would not have been thought of. It was only an Arnott, a most accomplished physician, profoundly skilled in physics, and prompted in everything by the breathings of a warm and generous heart, who could have thought of such a means of literally smoothing the pillow of sad and sickness-worn humanity.

A FEW DAYS ON THE OHIO.

THE beautiful Ohio! Well might the early French settlers call it *La Belle Rivière*, gliding, as it does, with its pure, broad stream, through scenes of peculiar loveliness. "Wood-crowned heights" rising abruptly from the water's edge, or picturesque bluffs standing like sylvan sentinels on either side of some fine river silently paying its tribute to the mightier stream; to which are now added the fertile slopes adorned by the industry of man. Or perhaps a cheerful village appears, and, descending to the very margin, dips its feet merrily in the water. But dearly do these amphibious towns pay for their temerity when the Ohio, in its angry moods, comes sweeping by, and takes hasty possession of its usurped domains.

These spring freshets had passed before Cornelius Worthington, a young traveller from New England, having achieved the passage of the Alleghanies, leaped from the jumbling stage for the last time at Pittsburgh, and holding up a silver piece, bribed a black waiter, who idled at the tavern door before which they stopped, to load himself with his travelling trunk, and take the road to the river with the least possible delay. A warm summer sun from the western sky beat on his broad Leghorn hat, as he followed with hasty strides towards the landing, where a heavily-laden and snorting steam-boat gave intimation of its immediate intention of pushing off into the stream. A small portmanteau was in the traveller's hand, a carpet bag under his arm, and over his shoulders were slung a cloak, an umbrella, and a pair of saddle-bags; for the hurry of the moment allowed no time to seek for wherewithal to relieve him of the load; and however the case may now stand, it is certain that in those days no ready hands were near to tender their officious services to the weary or impatient traveller. Steam-boats were then of rare occurrence in the western waters, and a few minutes' delay might have consigned young Worthington to the discomforts of a Pittsburgh hotel for many weeks, or to the tedium of a river-voyage in one of those well-named "flats," or quaintly-styled "arks," which then formed the usual family conveyances down the Ohio. The steam-boat Grampus was now puffing its noisy invitation for every straggling passenger to leap on board; and through the assembled crowd—warm, dusty, and loaded, as above-described—Cornelius Worthington eagerly pushed his way.

"Just in time, sir," cried the captain, hailing the traveller; "throw your things on board, sir. Lend a hand, Flagon; all right!" and in another instant the vessel was plying its busy way through the water, and the New Englander was floating as rapidly as his heart could wish towards the land of promise—the land of the West. Down they flew, while rocks and woods seemed gliding from their sight.

Insensible to the press of strangers around him, Worthington stood on the paddle-boxes, and took a delighted survey of the river whose name had been connected in his mind with many a tale of western adventure, and with all his early schemes of western travel; and he almost wished that a common boat were his conveyance, and primitive boatmen his guides, that he might indulge at leisure and alone the romantic vein which the scene inspired, and realise some of his day-dreams. He was roused from his musings by the sound of the supper-bell, which was the signal for a general rush towards the gentlemen's cabin. The passengers were thrown into an uproar by it. On they came, with hurried steps and eager eyes, more like a party of desperate boarders from an enemy's vessel, determined to take possession of everything that came in their way, than a group of fellow-citizens about to make a peaceable repast together. In Worthington, the tumult excited small surprise, for he had witnessed similar scenes, though not of like intensity, in the

* No *Shetlander* of the lower class will ever name the dead.

steam-boats and taverns of the north; but as he entered the cabin at leisure after the throng was over, and the tramping and scrambling for seats had given place to the clatter of knives and forks, and the clashing and ringing of plates and glasses, he saw, to his surprise, reclining on one of the berths, a young Englishman of his acquaintance, who seemed to take a lively though not very active interest in the scene. Beside him lay a book, one hand resting on the open page, the other supporting his head, which he had raised to take a view of the melée, on which his great blue eyes were gazing with a mingled expression of surprise and amusement. The New Englander looked at him a moment, incredulous—he had thought his young friend's voyage down the Ohio accomplished some time since—when their eyes met, and a warm recognition ensued. Cornelius hastened to offer him his hand, and inquire after the remainder of the family, whom he had often met at Philadelphia, where he heard they were westward-bound like himself, having recently arrived from England. "Are Mr and Mrs Norton, and the young ladies, on board?" asked Mr Worthington. He heard in reply that they had sailed from Pittsburg three weeks since, in a large family flat-boat, leaving the eldest son to take charge of some heavy luggage that was behind in the wagons. "Thus, you behold me," continued the youth, "as supercargo to various packing-cases of household baggage, my sister's piano, and my father's books."

"Rich freight for a new colony," observed his friend; "and if we proceed at this rate, you will land at Shawneetown with the luggage long before your father can accomplish the weary voyage in his flat-boat."

"So I am told," said young Norton; "and you, Mr Worthington, have, I hope, made up your mind to land at the same place?"

Cornelius answered in the affirmative, and then they were joined by a gentleman who had been listening to their conversation; and finding that they, like himself, were bound for the new settlements in Illinois, saw no reason, he said, why three fellows, travelling the same road, should not strike up a friendly chat by the way, and take a little insight into each other's affairs and opinions. This individual was a tall Kentuckian, whose athletic form was disfigured by a slight stoop in his shoulders, over the broad expanse of which was stretched an ill-made coat, not superfine—his long limbs being encased in "homespun." His face was sunburnt, his hair neglected; and yet there was an expression of frankness and bonhomie in his countenance and manner that was prepossessing. His mouth was so often expanded with an engaging smile, that you might forgive him for staining it with tobacco; and the most fastidious observer could find no fault with the clear, dauntless expression of the upper part of his face.

William Norton, fresh from the reserves and restraints of mere polished life, was at first disgusted with the unceremonious advances of this "very familiar stranger," as he afterwards called their new acquaintance, and took no part in an animated conversation that followed between the good-natured Kentuckian and the more refined New Englander. The latter was amused to meet with so early a demonstration of the frankness and cordiality he had heard marked the manners of the West; and the Englishman, young, and accessible to new impressions, soon caught the temper of his companions; under which feelings a friendly intercourse subsisted between the three fellow-travellers for the rest of their voyage.

In little did this voyage differ from scores of such as have since been described by the scores of literary tourists who occasionally infest that pleasant river, till they passed the shores of the state of Ohio, and were still tranquilly pursuing their course between Kentucky and Indiana; when, one morning, after the important duty of breakfasting had been performed with the expedition and energy peculiar to the Americans, Cornelius Worthington and his friend William Norton retired together, after the manner of established cronies, to the deck, where they seated themselves under the shade of a cloudy sky, to court the cool breezes of a sultry morning.

"Into what fiery region of the south are we floating?" cried young Norton, wiping his brow; "could heat be more overpowering even under the tropics?"

His friend acknowledged the oppressive sultriness of the weather, but foretold a thunderstorm before evening, which would clear the atmosphere and bring up a cooling breeze.

"May it come quickly and perform us that service," said the other impatiently, "for I am melting away ingloriously! I can understand now why English emigrants grow lazy and listless in this climate; their energy evaporates, their vigour trickles off, as mine is doing now," with which the youth stretched himself on the deck, and gave himself up to the languor of the hour. Their Kentucky friend, Mr Brownlee, stood near, his shirt-collar thrown open, and fanning himself with his large palm hat. This gentleman, amid all the changes of passengers at the various towns and villages where they had stopped, had attached himself particularly to the two strangers, and had often beguiled the way with original descriptions of deer-shooting, bear-hunts, and anecdotes of Indian warfare, handed down from the early settlers of Kentucky. William Norton was pleased with his wild stories, and used often to call him apart, and beg for a chapter of backwoods adventures. At the present

moment, there was something in the threatening aspect of the heavens that reminded him of an account Mr Brownlee had given them the day before, of the remarkable hurricane which committed such ravages several years previous, and which was known to have crossed the Ohio three times in its eccentric course. Roused by the prospect of such an excitement, young Norton raised himself from his recumbent posture, and calling to Mr Brownlee, asked him what he thought of the weather, and whether there was any hope of a hurricane.

"Hope, did you say, sir?" said the Kentuckian with a broad smile, as he glanced his eyes over the sky. "No, sir; no chance of such luck for us to-day, sir. The clouds have altogether a different kind of way with them before a hurricane, of which I cannot rightly give you a notion. And to tell you the truth, I have been too much engaged watching yonder flat-boat, to take much heed of the weather. There's no kind of doubt but she is getting into difficulty, and there does not seem to be a hand on board that knows how to get her out of it. They have pulled her out of her course to avoid the steam-boat, and have got into an ugly eddy. Don't you see they can do nothing with her! It's plain they're ignorant of the river, or they would have kept clear of the precise spot they have hauled themselves into; for they'll run ashore on the point of that small island, and damage their boat, or stick her fast in the mud, as sure as my name's Jefferson Brownlee."

While these observations fell from Mr Brownlee, William Norton and his New England friend had been gazing earnestly towards the ark, whose critical situation seemed peculiarly exciting to the young Englishman. His colour came and went; he uttered half sentences; and at last, with various exclamations of astonishment, declared that it was his father's boat—he was certain of it. He knew it by a small English flag his younger brother had put up on the upper deck, as well as by the colour of the curtains in the window of the after-cabin, which could be distinguished plainly. Of course the youth's first impulse was to fly to the assistance of his family, and he went off in haste to seek the captain. He first encountered the mate, and accosting him with the air of a superior—"My good friend," said he abruptly, "I was looking for the captain, but perhaps you can serve me as well. I want you, for Heaven's sake, to stop the boat for ten minutes, and order a fellow into the skiff, to row me over to my father's boat yonder, which is in danger."

"Stop the steam-boat!" drawled the mate; "you'd best speak to the captain about that, I reckon. He might let you have the skiff; but I reckon not."

"There's no time to be lost in reckoning, my good man," said the Englishman hastily, and with that up came the captain, and asked Mr Norton if he "really did expect that the Grampus was to lay-to at his bidding, because he had taken a notion to row over to an old flat that seemed to have some girls a-board?"

"My parents and my sisters are on board," said the young man, colouring highly; and warmer words might have ensued, but Cornelius Worthington interposed. He had followed his friend, fearing a quarrel; for he had marked the misplaced air of authority he frequently assumed, so inconsistent with the spirit of American institutions and American manners; and now, addressing the captain in a more courteous tone, begged him to have some consideration for the anxiety of one of his passengers whose friends were evidently in trouble; adding, that he would accompany Mr Norton, and return with the skiff with as little delay as possible. Cornelius did not add, that he himself felt no small degree of interest in the fate of one of the fair inmates of the vessel in distress; but he pleaded his friend's cause urgently, though in vain.

"I tell you that flat-boat is in no more danger than I am," said the surly captain; "and I can't think of stopping the engine and losing time for no such silly projects. I'm not such a flat." He looked at the mate, and chuckling at his own wit, was about to move off, when Mr Brownlee thought it time to interfere.

"Look here, Captain Rush!" he shouted from the vessel's side; "do you say there's no difficulty on board that boat? Now, I know as much of this part of the river as most men, and you know almost as much as I do; and I want you to tell me if a craft is going the right road down the Ohio when she is seen floating stern foremost in that same current, which you know, about as well as I do, must entangle her in a nasty mud-bank on the point of that island! I tell you there's something more than common the matter on board that flat; for, a minute ago, I heard one of the women scream out like a panther. I protest it is not decent behaviour. It is refusing a good turn you might chance to stand in need of yourself, to drive down the river at this rate, when the young fellow's family is suffering before his eyes, and all he asks—"

"All I ask," interrupted the captain, "is to be allowed the management of my own affairs, which I guess I understand as well, or a plaguy sight better, than Mr Brownlee. What right have I to hinder the boat on such pretences! The owners!"

"Look here!" interposed Brownlee, approaching the captain, and lowering his voice; "did Captain Rush think of the owners the other night, when he was half-drunken over at cards with a set of blackguards, and his mate drunk a-bed, and the vessel abandoned to the hands? You thought I had turned in snug enough, like other people; but I can sleep with one

eye open. Why, more than once I've taken the command of the boat to save us all from being blown up; and I've a mighty notion to take the command of her now, and shall acquaint the owners. Look here! you Mr—what d'ye call your mate?"

"Well, Mr Brownlee," said the captain, "I can only say that you must be answerable."

The captain and mate spoke a few words apart; and seemed to make up their minds that farther opposition was unwise, for the necessary orders were given, and the skiff was soon in readiness. But Brownlee bade the "old nigger stand clear," and stepping into the boat, laid hold of the oars himself, and in another instant the three friends, Cornelius, William, and their Kentucky champion, were shooting across the stream towards the distressed vessel.

Some lamentable cries reached their ears, loud and repeated, which ceased as they neared the boat. Still, all seemed confusion on board; and when they came alongside, a sorrowful scene presented itself. A young woman, one of several who had come over from England in the service of the Nortons, lay stretched on the deck quite insensible. Mrs Norton was hurrying to the spot with restoratives in her hand, and two of the poor creature's fellow-servants knelt beside her, endeavouring to restore her to a sense of her wretchedness. Her child had fallen overboard, and in the first agony of her grief and terror, she had uttered the cries that sounded so alarmingly across the water.

A few minutes before the boy was missed, he had been clinging round his mother's knees—he was but four years old—and looking up in her face beseechingly with some childish request on his rosy lips; but she had repulsed him hastily in the active pursuit of her duties; and the recollection of that last careless unturned, that last childish petition ungranted, haunted her through many a wretched night afterwards. No one had seen him fall overboard; they were all occupied with the situation of the boat. But his little hat and one of his shoes rising to the surface, too plainly told the tale; and it was evident the child must have been drawn under the boat, and carried away by the current, for he was seen no more alive.

All that could now be done was to devise proper means for the recovery of the body, and use instant exertion for pushing the boat off from the muddy banks of the island she was now fast approaching. For this purpose, Jefferson Brownlee exerted his utmost energy and presence of mind, finding himself the only person present who had any ready resources at command for such an emergency; the others being foreign to the river, and having their feelings more or less implicated in the distressing events of the morning. The tall Kentuckian seemed now in his element. Observing two men on shore standing gazing at the boat, he called them off in their canoe to his aid, and finding they had the readiness and experience the occasion required, he secured their services for the foreigners for the remainder of the day, addressing them in their own slang, and directing their efforts, for the few minutes he still dared delay his return to the Grampus.

On board that steamer a scene was now preparing, compared to which the trouble on board the ark was as a drop from a thunder cloud to the waters of the Ohio.

Captain Rush, aware of the bad state of his machinery, and conscious of the inefficiency of the officers, and his own shameful neglect, had not dared more violently to oppose the Kentuckian, who was a resolute man, and well-known on the river; but he was not the less exasperated at his interference. As was his custom when excited, he had recourse to his bottle, and thus lost command over himself, though he still issued his commands to others; when the paddles of another steam-boat, one of the very few rivals to the Grampus then on the river, were heard rapidly approaching. The violent competition that has existed between rival steamers on the western waters is well-known. The Grampus, on her last trip, had run a hazardous race with the Mermaid, which now appeared sweeping into the "bend" in which her opponent lay, and asserting defiance. Captain Rush had passed the Mermaid at a wood-yard above Cincinnati, and felt confident of reaching his destination before her; and when this unlucky detention was in a manner forced upon him, he had used every contrivance to make it as short as possible—keeping up the fires, and neglecting to let off the steam; and when another boat was heard some distance up the river, he still called to Mr Elagon to bid the hands keep up the steam—keep up the steam. Of all this, few of the passengers were aware; and the few who understood the captain's proceedings, partook freely of his keen sense of rivalry, as well as of his Monongohela whisky. They now rushed up to the boiler-deck, where others had been lounging, to watch the skiff in its passage back from the flat-boat; and on the appearance of another steamer, the deck-passengers crowded out, so that all the upper part of the vessel was swarming with human beings.

Before Jefferson Brownlee pushed off from the ark, he observed that the Grampus was keeping in her steam, and deprecated the imprudence of the captain. He presently saw the Mermaid approaching; and perceiving that the other was getting under way, he rowed with his utmost speed out into the middle of the stream, in the hope of being picked up by the one boat, if the other left him in the lurch. When there, he stood up in the skiff, hallooed and waved his hat;

but he might as well have called to the river to stop.

Like an eagle in pursuit of its prey, the Mermaid flew past him, while on board all seemed in an uproar of excitement. Two or three musicians were mounted on the hurricane-deck, playing "Yankee Doodle" with all their might; while some of the crew, and a party of the passengers, were cheering and whooping like wild Indians. The ladies, in their after-cabin below deck, were trembling and wringing their hands in fear of the coming race. But who could heed their tears and prayers at such a moment!

The Grampus, though now started full upon her course, was but little in advance of the Mermaid. Brownlee, with an instant presentiment of evil, heard the shrill whistle of the steam as for the last time it escaped from the safety-valve, before Captain Rush closed it with his own hand, and placed a weight on it. He did not live to see it removed. A dreadful explosion immediately followed, which, while it hurried him into eternity, leaving no semblance of an organised being in his scalded and mutilated corpse, spread cruel destruction among the crowds thronging over the boilers, and on every part of the vessel where a view could be gained of the coming contest between the rival steamers.

For a few seconds all was enveloped in clouds of steam, like a veil thrown by that awful power over its own frightful ravages: while from behind it issued shrieks and groans of despair and agony. Happy for those who were cast abroad in the river, and drowned in its clear-cold stream! happy for those who were at once overwhelmed by the scalding flood of vapour, or annihilated by the crash of the machinery! Dear as life is, all must have thought their fate enviable in comparison with the dreadful condition of some of the wounded survivors, who lay writhing in hopeless torments, praying for death.

The mad excitement on board the Mermaid was changed to horror and consternation; and eager rivalry was followed by as eager an impulse to afford assistance and administer relief to the sufferers. The strokes of the engine ceased, obedient to the prompt commands of the captain, and with an impetuous deafening roar, out rushed the steam that had been prepared for the race with extraordinary exertion, by heaping fuel into the furnaces, and throwing combustibles—tar or turpentine—over the piles of blazing firewood. In dense clouds, out poured this pent-up steam, obedient to the control of the engineer, and in white masses floated innocuous over the adjacent forest; but to the captain's ears there was an angry vehemence in the sound as it escaped, little short of terrific; and in the midst of his active endeavours to get the boats out, and save all that could be rescued from the wreck, he looked up to where the volumes of vapour were passing off towards the sky, and made an inward irrevocable vow never more to take part in such a transaction.

We will follow him on board the fated vessel, though without recounting the horrors he beheld there, in the very midst of which he placed himself, and remained for several hours, as a kind of expiation to his conscience for any share he had in causing the dire calamity. Finding the wreck was in no danger of sinking, he had it moored to the shore, and the cabin converted into a kind of hospital for those whose state rendered impracticable their removal on board the Mermaid; where others, whose injuries were less severe, were conveyed and carefully attended to. All the bodies that could be found he had collected for interment; and when the painful duty was complete, he called for his small boat, and with "white lip rigidly compressed," turned to leave the miserable scene, when he encountered Mr. Brownlee, with whom he was acquainted, and who immediately accosted him.

"Captain Freeman," said the Kentuckian, "you are ill!"

"As sick as death," said the other, taking off his hat, and wiping the cold perspiration from his brow. The next moment he staggered to a seat on the guards, and fell into a deep swoon, from which the united efforts of Brownlee and Worthington, who was with him, were long in recovering him. As soon as consciousness returned, they handed him a glass of brandy and water, telling him he was ill from sheer exhaustion; but he pushed it aside. "Pah!" he muttered, shuddering; "nothing from on board this boat. Help me into my skiff, will you, my good fellows, and let me go home! I give you a thousand thanks," he said, waving his hand as the boat moved off; "I shall be as well as ever in half an hour."

When the report of the explosion on board the Grampus was heard by the strangers in the ark, they were for a minute quite at a loss to account for it, as a point of the island intercepted the unlucky vessel from their view. The Kentuckians, however, who with long poles had been shoving the flat-boat from the banks of the island towards a sandy beach on the Kentucky shore, had been watching the while the manœuvres of the steamers, and comprehended instantly the nature of the disaster.

"Well, she has bust her boilers," observed one of the men, without any apparent feeling of concern.

"As sure as my name's Joe Buekles!" cried the other, with rather more animation, as he gave up his oar to one of the Englishmen, telling him that all they had to do now was to haul the boat up to the beach, and there make her fast. The men then

scrambled into their canoes, and paddled off to the scene of action, though not before Mr. Worthington had secured a seat in it. William Norton soon followed with two men in his father's skiff.

Cornelius, yielding to his friend's persuasions, finished his voyage in the flat-boat; while Mr. Brownlee returned to the steamer, promising to take full charge of the luggage of his fellow-travellers. An irresistible impulse hurried him to the spot, to learn the worst that had happened. This was bad enough. Neither the captain of the Grampus nor any of his men were to be found, "except one," continued the Kentuckian's informant, "who was picked up in the water, and he can't tell the captain from any of the others. There's nothing human left, I am told, of those who were stationed near the machinery, yet they are a long sight better off than those poor wretches," he observed, pointing to the cabin, whence groans and piteous laments proceeded.

Mr. Worthington, who had secured his baggage, returned with it to the flat-boat, leaving only the most bulky part to go forward in the Mermaid. Whatever uneasiness he had suffered was amply compensated by the narrow escape he had made; but the reception he met with from one member of Mr. Norton's family would have rendered him happy under the most trying misfortunes. This was Lucretia Norton, whose delight at his unexpected appearance she took no pains to conceal.

The unhappy mother, who had lost her child, gave way to the deepest grief during the whole of the voyage, which not even the unremitting consolations and attention of Mrs. Norton could alleviate. The "Ark" and its inmates, however, reached its destination in safety; and some time after an event occurred in the family which helped to rouse the bereaved woman from the deep grief into which she sank. It was a wedding; that of Cornelius Worthington and Lucretia Norton.

THE ROSE GARDENS OF HERTFORDSHIRE.

[From the County Press, a Hertfordshire newspaper, May 13.]

THE collections of roses in this county may now challenge Europe, and probably the world, for their extent and the number of choice varieties cultivated. In their extent they rival those of the East, but far surpass them in the rarity and beauty of their species and varieties. In some parts of the East Indies, many acres are grown for the purpose of distilling rose-water and making the well-known attar or otto of roses, but these are generally of the commonest kinds, possessing but little beauty. In the rose gardens of Hertfordshire, extending in the aggregate to sixty or eighty acres, nearly two thousand varieties are in cultivation, many of them of the rarest and most beautiful kinds. Among the private growers or "rose amateurs," as they are called, the collection of C. S. Chauncey, Esq., of Dane End, near Ware, is the first both in extent and rarity. Mr. Chauncey has been a collector of roses nearly twenty years, during which time he has spared neither pains nor expense; the pleasure grounds here occupy several acres of beautifully undulating ground, every spot of which is covered with roses; in some places they are climbing over arbours, in others up the stems of trees; the walls are also covered with numerous climbing varieties, and every border is full of choice sorts, cultivated as dwarfs; while thousands of standards decorate the sides of the walks and every other available situation.

Broxbourne Bury, near Broxbourne, the seat of C. J. Bosanquet, Esq., is the second in extent. Charles Bosanquet is a very ardent cultivator, and possesses a most accurate knowledge of the names, qualities, and cultivation of this favourite flower. Some thousands are here dispersed over the grounds; one walk has a charming appearance, bounded by climbing roses, hanging in festoons by slight chains from columns on the branches fastened to these chains; and numerous varieties are budded, so that several sorts are grown on the same plant; the festoons, when covered with these many-coloured flowers, are quite enchanting. The soil here is very rich, and favourable to roses, so that they flourish and give an immense number of the finest flowers.

Fisholbury, near Sawbridgeworth, the seat of Rowland Alston, Esq., possesses a most complete rose garden, about one acre in extent, and walled round; the roses here are planted in beds, each bed appropriated to one family or class; it is nearly surrounded by festoons of climbing roses, suspended from columns about ten feet high. From the warm sheltered situation of this garden, the roses bloom remarkably early, and, when in full flower, the garden is quite filled with their most agreeable perfume.

The Honourable F. D. Ryder, of Ickleford House, near Hitchin, has now a most complete collection of roses, which he is adding to annually.

The Reverend R. Jones, of Haileybury, near Hertford, has within three years formed a rosary of the most rare and beautiful varieties. The soil here is favourable, and Mr. Jones cultivates his roses so highly, that scarcely any one can compete with him in the size of his flowers. Mr. Jones is so fastidious, that he ejects from his collection any roses that do not come up to his standard of taste in form, colour, and fragrance.

The above are the principal private collections of the county. We now proceed to notice those of the commercial growers. The first among these is that of Mr. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth. This nursery has been established nearly a century, and occupies about forty acres of ground, nearly half of which is appropriated to rose culture, to an extent that surpasses those who for the first time see it. Mr. Rivers has devoted his energies to roses for these last twenty years, and if we may judge by appearances, with some solid benefit to himself, as he has built a handsome residence, and added, by purchase,

some acres of fine freehold land to the estate at present the property of his father. This nursery ground is beautifully undulated, the soil is very rich, and its situation is most delightful, bounded as it is on the south-east by the park of Fisholbury. From a little eminence near the house, acres of roses are at once under the eye, so that in June the scene is gorgeous almost beyond description, and the pleasantness of the place is enhanced by the perfume of millions of flowers. Five forcing-houses are also appropriated to roses in pots. It will perhaps give our readers some idea of the extent of the commerce in roses, when we state as a fact, that the popular sorts are grown here by the thousand. Mr. Rivers mentions that five thousand are sold annually of one favourite sort known as the "crimson perpetual," and ten thousand annually of moss roses of different sorts. Mr. Rivers publishes every autumn a pamphlet of some eighteen pages, called a "Descriptive Catalogue of Roses," in which every sort is described and priced. Two thousand copies are distributed gratis annually to customers. Mr. Rivers also published about four years since "The Rose Amateur's Guide," 8vo., which has passed through two large editions.

Messrs Lane and Son of Berkhamstead, have also within these few years become large cultivators of roses. Their soil, although on a chalky substratum, is very favourable to rose culture, so that their flowers surpass in size those of most cultivators; several acres are here under roses, principally standards; many roses are also grown in pots, in which department the Messrs Lane are very successful.

At Cheshunt, still in Hertfordshire, we have the Messrs Paul, who cultivate standard roses to a great extent; their soil is a fine alluvial loam, in which roses grow almost beyond calculation. Both Messrs Lane and Paul publish annually "Descriptive Catalogues" of roses, which are distributed gratis to their customers.

Rose growers ought to feel much gratitude for the cheap postage, for owing to that their catalogues find their way into every corner of the kingdom. We trust we have in the above sketch given proof that we may with justice boast of the rose gardens of Hertfordshire; we have reason to know that no collections in Europe can compete with them.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[From the Inquirer.]

To anybody who is fond of books, or is a student, or even believes himself a student, nothing can be more delightful than a visit to the reading-room of the British Museum. Not that the reading in the museum is altogether without its inconveniences, for it is not quite so easy as taking down a book from your own shelves; but then you are rewarded by the feeling of reverential awe for the mass of learning with which you are surrounded, and by the very air that you breathe.

On entering the door of this far-famed temple of literature, you find yourself between two good-sized rooms, in each of which fifty to seventy people may be sitting at the tables, reading and copying. The walls are covered with books, each room holding, at a guess, fifteen or twenty thousand volumes—a number that anywhere else would be thought a good library of itself; but here that number only contains the dictionaries, encyclopedias, gazetteers, and other works of reference that should be always at hand. On asking for the catalogue, one of the attendants points to it at a desk by itself, where it stands most conveniently for the use of everybody, in above forty volumes folio. Near this stands the catalogue of the king's library, which is kept separate from the rest of the collection, in about ten folios more; and, most wonderful to say, the new catalogue, which is now in the course of printing, and which already extends to fifteen large folios, though it has not yet got beyond the letter A. This, however, large as the library is, is stating the case rather boastfully; for these fifteen folios are interwoven, showing as much the gigantic intention of the librarians, as the present size of the library. A reader of experience will not go to the museum unnecessarily; he will wait till he has three or four objects of search, or books to look at, noted down in his memorandum book, to save time. With these he goes up to the catalogue, and beginning with a book, about the title of which he has no doubt, readily finds it, as the catalogue is formed on that simplest and best of all arrangements, the A B C. He then copies the title, together with its number, on one of the slips of paper which hang ready at hand; this he signs, and takes to a window at the further end of the room, where an attendant receives it, and delivers it to the librarian, to be searched for. In the meanwhile, the economist of time returns to the catalogue to copy out the titles of the other books that he may have occasion for, and then, with them, returns to the window, in hopes that the first book may by that time have arrived. But, alas! he must wait a little longer; and though he sees a librarian come up, dragging a light truck laden with learning in all forms and shapes, his book has not yet arrived. However, at last it comes, and he sits down to make his extracts, and in due time the other books are, one by one, brought to him by the attendants. You may order any number of volumes that you choose; there is no limit to the heaps of learning by which you may be surrounded but your own dislike to giving trouble, and that fast wears off after a second visit. But, perhaps, one of the books you want is not in either of the catalogues; you ask an attendant to help you in your difficulty, and he takes you into the next room into the presence of the head of the department. He, judging by the look of your countenance, that you know what you are asking for, says, "You think that there is such a book? We have not got it." You answer hesitatingly, that you have no doubt of it; it is published at Paris. The librarian drily replies, "Then I will order a copy, sir;" and you return to the reading-room, praising in your mind the excellence of the management. To those who can only read in solitude, certainly the museum reading-room is not the best of places; but those of a more social nature, who at home

study among the prattle of children and the bustle of a family, only feel their earnestness increased by the number of students that surround them. The tread of an attendant quietly and silently carrying a load of folios only strengthens his attention, rather than calls it off from his book; the very air of the place adds fresh zeal to his love of knowledge; and the only interruption that he feels is, perhaps, perceiving that his neighbour is reading "Guy Rannering," or that a flirtation is going forward between a polite, attentive, handsome attendant, and one of the numerous lady-authors who employ their mornings in making extracts in the museum. Admission to the reading-room is easily obtained. The librarians admit on the recommendation of anybody who is known to them, either personally or by reputation; and as they have the largest circle of acquaintance of any men in London, nobody who tries can ever find a difficulty in getting an introduction to one of them.

LONDON.

Rome was called the Mistress of the World, yet in its palmiest day was not equal to Britain in power or dominion; nor can any of the boasted cities of antiquity—Carthage, Tyre, or Alexandria; or in later times, Venice or Genoa—when their maritime greatness was in its glory, and their trade the wonder and admiration of their respective ages—not one can bear a moment's comparison with London. Britain's trade claims the whole habitable globe for its operations. Her colonies are placed in every direction where man can exist. Upon her dominion the sun never sets; her flag waves upon every sea; and a volume would be required to detail the results of her maritime enterprise and internal trade upon the aspect of the city which forms the centre of these mighty operations. In population, London is a nation in herself; the number of inhabitants has doubled in forty years, and now amounts to one million nine hundred thousand. In 1845 it will contain two millions! In length, from east to west, the houses extend in one line between five and six miles, and in breadth, from north to south, nearly four. But if we include Chelsea at one extreme, and Blackwall at the other, and take the breadth from Walworth to Holloway—and these are now certainly portions of the Great City—we shall have London covering above thirty square miles of ground! And then her river, bearing upon its surface the ships of every nation; and her docks—the East and West India Docks, the London Docks, the Commercial Docks, and the St Katherine's Docks, together covering more than five hundred acres, teeming with valuable commodities; and one of them, the West India Docks, capable of accommodating five hundred large ships. To the port of London alone, in 1840, there belonged 2950 ships of 501,000 tons burden, and manned by 32,000 seamen; in the same year there entered the port, from British colonies, 1683 ships! from her own coasts, including colliers, 20,205 ships; from Ireland, 907 ships; from foreign countries, 2355; which, with 3166 British vessels, formed one year's trade. What can compare with this? London contains one hundred thousand inhabited houses, one half of them having shops attached. The yearly consumption of porter and ale is 2,000,000 of barrels, all brewed in the place; of sheep, 1,403,466 have been sold in Smithfield in one year, together with 183,000 head of cattle. Many miles of ground in the vicinity are occupied as market-gardens, and have spread over them many hundred acres of glass. 70,000,000 of foreign eggs are imported, to say nothing of the millions produced at home; 12,000 cows afford an insufficient supply of milk; the Irish and Dutch send immense quantities of butter; Ireland also supplies bacon and pork. The water companies send into the houses 237,000,000 of hogsheds of water in a year; the gas companies produce 10,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily, which feeds 100,000 lights; the paving for a year costs above £200,000, the sewer rates £400,000. There are six thousand hotels, taverns, and coffee-houses, and twenty theatres, beside concert-rooms and exhibitions of various kinds. London issues nearly 30,000,000 of newspapers; has steam-boat accommodation for 10,000 passengers daily; from London extends 1000 miles of railway, laid down at an expense of £47,000,000; with fifty-nine canals dug at a cost of £14,000,000. Through the post-office pass 70,000,000 of letters in a year; whilst the amount of cash paid by the London bankers through the clearing house in 1841, averaged £75,000,000 monthly. Will not these few facts assist in giving some idea of the immense scale upon which all that relates to London must be considered, before a correct knowledge of its state can be arrived at!—*Illustrated News*.

CRIMINAL OFFENDERS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The most important information on legal and moral statistics, will be derivable from the minute and systematic series of returns of criminal prosecutions now annually presented to parliament from both ends of the land. We have now before us the respective returns for England and Scotland for 1841. The result continues to exhibit—what has often been shown by able writers—the great superiority of the Scottish system of procedure, through stipendiary prosecutors and convictions by a majority of the jury, as a means of coming at the truth, and convicting the accused when he is guilty. In England, the number of persons committed for trial, or bailed, during the year, is 27,768. This includes the cases where bills were ignored by grand juries, amounting to 2048; and likewise cases not prosecuted, amounting to 386; leaving 25,334 cases brought to trial. In these, the acquittals by findings of not guilty were 5018, being 19 and 4-10ths per cent. of the whole number tried. In whatever way this be contemplated, it shows a fearful state of defectiveness in the law. If we presume these 5018 men to be all innocent, then has the uncertainty and caprice of the English law exposed that number to the risks of a trial, and the certainty of ruined fortunes and a blighted reputation. If we suppose them all guilty, then has the law, by its feebleness, left society exposed to the machinations of 5018 acknowledged criminals. In

Scotland, the total number of "offenders" (as they are very inaccurately called, since the term includes not only those who are acquitted, but those who are discharged before trial) was 3362. From this number we have to deduct 653, who were discharged before trial; when we have 2509 actually brought to trial. Of these, the number acquitted was 216, or 7 and 2-5ths per cent. Yet even this small number was not sent forth with a vague and general finding of not guilty, as in England. In 191 cases, the verdict is "not proven"—a declaration of suspicion, which tells the world that the accused must produce something more than what appeared at his trial before society can receive him as an innocent man. This is a species of verdict both just and humane to those whose innocence is undoubted; for it leaves room to draw a distinct line between them and the suspected. So cautious have our juries been in returning the higher verdict, that there are only twenty-five causes (not one per cent. in the number brought to trial) where the verdict is "not guilty."—*Juryman's Legal Hand-Book*.

SOMETHING CHEAP.

[BY CHARLES SWAIN.]

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a-year:
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.
It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn;
It tells you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.
A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay—
Spread gladness everywhere;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.
As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.
What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good temper—nothing more!
Good temper!—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

—*Literary Gazette*, May 13.

MARRIAGE & INSANITY.

Few people are aware how much more insanity prevails among bachelors and unmarried ladies than among the married of both sexes. We learn from the examination of very many reports, that of every five of all lunatics sent to American hospitals, three are unmarried, and only two are married, and that almost all of them are over twenty-one years old. On the other hand, it is pretty certain that in all the community over twenty-one years of age, there are more than three times as many in as out of wedlock. If this be the case, then the unmarried are more than four times as liable to become insane as married people. To make this more certain, Dr Jarvis, of this town, has written to a gentleman in almost every town in Massachusetts, and in some towns in Connecticut, requesting him to count on the list of voters in his town—the married, the unmarried, and the widowers—and to give him information of the number in each of these classes belonging to their respective towns. We earnestly hope his correspondents will be able and willing to give him an answer to these points, and thus settle one very important principle in life—that marriage is a great protective of society against the awful disorder of insanity.—*Concord Freeman*.

OCCURRENCE OF BIRDS ON BOARD SHIP.

So little is or can be known with regard to the fate of the companions of our summer months, after they have once left us, on their long and distant flight, that however trivial the following remarks, I shall not hesitate to send them. Whilst passing down channel on my way to Madeira, in the month of October, several birds paid us a short visit. After we had cleared the Lizard point, and were at a distance from any land, a short-eared owl, apparently on a trip of pleasure, if we might judge from the leisurely way in which it seemed to go about it, after tarrying with us some time, making its beautiful hawk-like circles near above us, directed its flight right out to sea. Each evening, towards sunset, we had several small birds to roost upon our rigging; we used to feel great pleasure in watching their arrival, ere we went below for the night. One evening, when we were upwards of two hundred miles from land, and our other friends had left our lonely bark, a thrush, but of what species I could not make out, though I believe it was a redwing, took up its quarters on the top-gallant yards. The next evening it returned; and on the following, just at the time when, had it been on shore, it would have sought some favourite tree, it came to us again. Several times during this last

day I had watched it till I was weary, flying about at a short distance from our ship, and thought if it had thus spent the three days of our acquaintance with it, how thoroughly sea-sick it must be. We had all this time been running along ten knots an hour, and had probably lured it farther and farther from its home. How it had borne the fatigues of the three days of its ceaseless flight around us, and what its after fate, were thoughts that would often recur to us, as each breeze shortened the distance of our own migration. Whilst crossing the Bay of Biscay, at our greatest distance from the land, we observed a flock of whimbrels coming towards us at a most rapid rate. It was their last flight—their last eager struggle to preserve life. Some fell short of us, too much exhausted to reach the goal; others overshot their mark; and a few came down heavily upon the deck, and soon died. As we coasted along the European shore, many birds came on board almost daily, chiefly sky-larks and pipits. On my return voyage, in the beginning of April, whilst keeping near the coast of Spain, the deck of the steamer was a perfect levee daily, and a scene of the liveliest interest. Whilst the chimney-swallow and the sand martin continued to fly round and round us, wheatears, whinchats, various species of warblers, redstarts, red-backed shrikes, &c., were constantly passing to and fro, each appearing to me as if it had put on its gayest apparel for the occasion. I certainly thought that the colouring of their plumage appeared brighter than the same birds do with us; and I remember we made a similar remark with regard to the birds we saw in Norway.—*Letter in the Zoologist*.

POPULAR KNOWLEDGE IN VIENNA.

It is generally but erroneously supposed, that the Viennese possess but little taste for literary and scientific matters. I do firmly believe, that were the barrier that now dams up the stream of learning at its source but once removed, Vienna would pour forth a flood of light that would soon rival every capital in Europe. * * I may mention here two circumstances, which show the distaste which the Austrian rulers have for science. Gall, the distinguished phrenologist, was driven from Vienna for daring to step beyond the beaten path marked out for him by the state, or venture, even upon a purely physiological subject, to think for himself, and attempt to lift the veil that hangs over one of the most interesting portions of science. Without in any way advocating, or even subscribing to the doctrines of this distinguished man, it must be acknowledged, that when he was expelled the imperial dominions, the government deprived its country of the most celebrated cerebral anatomist that has yet existed. Some years ago, Mohs, the greatest mineralogist of Europe in his day, requested permission from the government to deliver a course of popular lectures on mineralogy in the splendid imperial cabinet. After a considerable delay, and when the police became convinced that nothing political was intended, the proposal was acceded to. Attracted by the knowledge and eloquence of the professor, as well as the novelty of the subject, crowds of the first people of Vienna attended his course. After a few lectures, the number of his hearers amounted to some hundreds; great interest was evinced in society on the matter, and it became the general topic of conversation. One would naturally have supposed that so harmless and unexciting a subject as mineralogy could in nowise affect the political condition of the community; but the government thought otherwise, and at the end of the first six months, these lectures were ordered to be discontinued. Mohs soon afterwards resigned his care of the mineralogical cabinet.—*Wilde's Austria*, just published.

SWINGING LOOKING-GLASSES.

The inconvenience which a correspondent complains of, is what has occurred to every one who happens to have purchased a cheap looking-glass; and even some of the most expensive ones are not free from a defect which may be easily remedied in the manner we shall explain. The pindle upon which a looking-glass swings is commonly a piece of iron wire, having a screw-thread turned at each end. One end is inserted in the frame of the glass, and the other, passing through the stand, is received into a mahogany knob, which, on being turned, serves to tighten the frame to the stand, and thus keep the plate on any desired slope. After a little time, the screw wears away the fine indentations in the wood, the hole becomes larger, and the thread of the screw, having no hold to tighten the stand to the frame, ceases to act, and the glass falls to the perpendicular. Many schemes are then resorted to, such as wedging with paper, &c., to remedy the inconvenience, but the effect of these is only temporary. The best way of proceeding is to get a small metal plate counter-sunk into the side of the frame, on the one hand, and another into the knob; both these plates must have a female thread cut to receive the screw, and then the frame can be tightened with certainty by merely turning the knob; or one end of the pindle may be squared and inserted firmly in the knob, whilst the other, having a screw thread, will tighten or relax the frame, and stand as desired. The purchasers of glasses should always get this done before receiving them; and we hope this hint will induce manufacturers to adopt so cheap and certain a remedy in all cases in future, because the inconvenience is a very general one, and often of long standing.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy*.

IRRESOLUTION.

In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution; to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating, and drinking, and sleeping, from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson*.

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